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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A Journey from Orthodoxia

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The readers of UNITY have learned to know Edwin Alfred Rumball of Rochester with delight. At first he was welcome in the UNITY columns because he was to be the successor of W. C. Gannett of Rochester, but he early made a place of his own and now always receives a welcome on his own account. Last summer he refreshed our vacation with a series of most timely sermons on "Civic Idealism." This year we are glad to announce a series of four sermon studies under the attractive title of "A Journey from Orthodoxia" with the following sub-titles:

1. The Evening Hours of Orthodoxia.
2. The Darkness Before the Dawn.
3. The Dangers After Dawn.
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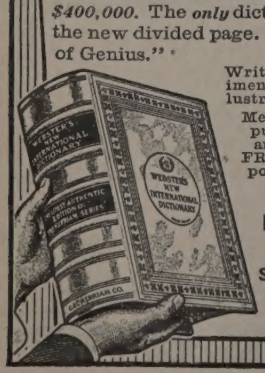
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1912. NUMBER 21.

A grove of trees,—what benefit or ornament is so fair and great? they make the landscape; they keep the earth habitable; their roots run down, like cattle, to the water courses; their heads expand to feed the atmosphere. The life of a tree is a hundred and a thousand years; its decays ornamental; its repairs self-made: they grow when we sleep, they grew when we were unborn. Man is a moth among these longevities. He plants for the next millennium.

Emerson.

A berrying season is at hand. The reports are that in the Editorial vicinity there is to be an abundant crop of blackberries and raspberries. There are conditions when to "go berrying" is to go picnicing, is to have a good time, but compulsory berry-picking on the part of young children, working for long hours and short pay, suggests another experience. Read Florence Kelley's article on "A Privileged Industry" in the July *Twentieth Century* magazine.

Dr. James P. Warbasse in the *Twentieth Century* for July makes an analysis of the causes of prostitution with marvelous clearness. Starting out with the safe assertion that sexual lust on the part of men and poverty on the part of women are fundamental causes, that alcohol with a minimum power for good and a maximum power for evil is an ever present excitant, he discovers defective education, the double standard of sexual morals, deferred marriages, the absence of good feminine society, as among the most exciting causes. Later in the list of causes of prostitution than we would place it is the greed of men, the readiness to profit by vice. The lack of social democracy is not only an inciting cause but a pitiful effect of this demoralization. These traceable causes are all of them more or less curable. Even prostitution, which has been the despair of municipal administrations, can be eliminated when it is studied scientifically and proceeded against by the forces of reason, justice and conscience.

"In "The Politics Beyond the Politicians" the Panama question looms up with ominous significance. Will somebody ascertain what the attitude of the presidential aspirants is concerning the fortification of the Canal when completed? What is going to be the attitude of the coming administration towards the offended dignity and outraged rights of Columbia? History will not forget and the United States can not permanently ignore the fact that in times of profound peace between Columbia and the United States, while the treaties which pledged both parties to a perfect, firm and inviolable peace and sincere friendship, without the slightest offensive act on the part of Columbia, the United States issued orders that the Columbian Government should not land their own troops within fifty miles of their own City of Panama. It would be well if the citizens who have the honor of the Republic at heart and can see beyond the clamor and confusion of the politicians should ask of the candidates a declaration concerning these higher political problems.

The annual report of the Chicago Peace Society for 1912, an attractively printed pamphlet of forty pages, is before us. It contains a very inadequate history of the movement in Chicago before the present organization was perfected. It contains a full, authoritative and very interesting account of the activities of the society since its re-organization and the securing of Secretary Charles E. Beals as the executive officer. The treasurer's report, constitution, list of membership, and other material go to show that the Peace Society in Chicago at last is a very affective force, a power to be recognized and reckoned with. Chicago is a more interesting city to live in since the coming of Secretary Beals. The many citizens of Chicago and those interested in the life of the city will prize this publication, if for no other reason than that it contains excellent portraits of the Hon. George E. Roberts, the first president of the re-organized society; Alfred L. Baker, the second president; Leroy A. Goddard, the present president; Charles Hutchinson, treasurer of the society; Charles E. Beals, the secretary, Miss Jane Addams, Emil G. Hirsch and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, vice-presidents of the society. Copies of this report can be obtained on request at the headquarters of the Chicago Peace Society, 30 N. La Salle St., Chicago.

The mosquitoe is a small animal, but has large influence upon character. It is all very well for the scientist to tell how the mosquitoe is to be eliminated and reports of New Jersey's triumphs in this direction over-shadow in interest the movements of the Democratic candidate for President. But after all is said and done the mosquitoe is here and he makes his presence felt. While the marshes are being

doctored with petroleum what is one going to do about it? Is science baffled? Are the resources of the laboratory inadequate to the production of a lotion that will rob the bite of its itch, that will stupefy the penetrating little musician before the proboscis has accomplished its boring? Two or three practical suggestions ought to stimulate the Yankee inventiveness. It is a problem worthy the genius of an Edison. Suggestion 1.—A beautiful, conical, cheap and effective little mound of stuff that when the match is touched will yield abundant smoke, aromatic to the nostril of the human being, but deadly to the intruding mosquitoe. Something cheap, neat and economic that one may carry in the gripsack; if need be, "tote in his pocket." Suggestion 2.—Some kind of a liquid wash or powder, or, maybe a special weave of a fabric, light and cool, beautiful to the eye, but abhorrent to the mosquitoe, out of which socks, stockings, and gloves might be made, thus neutralizing,—to use the diplomatic term of the day—that zone where the militant mosquitoe is most successful and consequently most annoying. Suggestion 3.—A development of sufficient independence and fortitude among women to forego the wearing of their arms bare; covering the same they will save the disfigurement that comes from the long scratch and the bloody records of the sharpened nails, as they dig recklessly into the living flesh, bringing thereby little relief but greatly marring the beauty of the arm. However beautiful a woman's arm may be in its normal condition, an arm covered with mosquitoe bites is not a thing of beauty. Suggestion 4.—The converting of pain into strength, torture into character by invoking the graces of fortitude, patience and cheerfulness under all circumstances, when "the mosquitoes are awful." Suggestion 5 comes to us from the Winona Lake Assembly Grounds, where it is said that the mosquitoe ridden shores have been devastated of their terror by the encouragement of the house martin. When these harmless and beautiful little birds were induced to settle in and near the Assembly Grounds, they accomplished what man has as yet failed to achieve either through scientific invention or religious prayer. Be that as it may, the battle is on between man and the mosquitoe. It may be a long one, it certainly is a bloody one, but optimists as we must be, we believe that eventually victory is for the human and peace will come where now the mosquitoe blows his infuriating trumpet and rejoices in his flesh-disturbing and soul-distressing industry.

Three Recent Novels

Vacation is the time for story reading. Three stories in one week is a great achievement for the editor of UNITY. "Paradise Farm" by Katharine Tynan, and "The Mothers of Men" by Zona Gale provoke interesting comparison and contrasts. The two books are written by women of the new day. Both are in sympathy with the humanitarian movements of the twentieth century. Both are skilled in description of heart experiences. Both are intimate with the rural scenes and rustic life, but the Irish woman is still in the travail of wealth, titles and the social nobilities and brings the poor with skillful touches into the benignant zone of consecrated wealth. The work of Zona Gale is shot through and through with a primal democracy. She discovers the human and a divine providence in the most obscure, simple, untitled and non-moneyed lives. Perhaps the most penetrating point in the book is when she speaks of Alexander Proudfit, the traveled, cultured lover of art, devotee of refinement, and in this case, sincere lover of pure womanhood, as "a type of the most dangerous selfishness that walks the world."

The third story, "The Glory of the Conquered" by Susan Glaspell is a would-be study of life through a scientist's lens. It has academic settings, it is skilfully touched with the lore of the laboratory and the library. It is a University of Chicago story and has good local color. The hero is an expert bacteriologist, deep in the high fight with cancer, but with an infection from his own "cultures" he loses his eyesight, and although guarded by the wild transcendant love of a self-sacrificing artist, really goes down to defeat and death and "The Glory of the Conquered" comes out in a transcendant achievement on canvas on the part of the wife, who so splendidly sacrificed herself to this love. This woman's love for a man seems to be the one point in the divine providence that was equal to the great ordeal. The book is meant to describe a triumph over disaster, victory over defeat. But there is less joy in the sacrifice than becomes the real optimism of life and of history.

A braver and more adequate optimism is hinted by that briefer story of blindness which Lucy Furman has portrayed in a short story, "Sight to the Blind," in the July *Century*. This rude mountain woman, rises out of her defiance against God and her rebellion against Providence, into a great enthusiasm for nature and a higher love for the human and devotion to duty.

Mountain Peaks of Oratory

It is not the habit of the thoughtful to speak of Lincoln as an orator. We cannot think of his addresses as oratorical achievements. There was an immediateness, directness, inevitability, about Lincoln's speeches that lifted them out of the realm of art into the realm of prophecy. At his best he did not

argue, he declared. He did not reason, he testified, pronounced.

And still these are the conditions of high oratory. One of the latest little books at hand is the first of a humble series of books entitled "American History in Literature," edited by Lilian Marie Briggs, Assistant in the New York Public Library, from the press of Moffat, Yard & Company. This contains, in addition to an altogether too brief biographical sketch, Lincoln's Cooper Institute Speech, his First Inaugural Address, his Gettysburg Speech, his Second Inaugural Address, his Proclamation of Emancipation and his first couplet of speeches in Lincoln-Douglas Debate. Reading them over again in this available print, we are impressed by the unconscious rise of the thought, until, apparently without effort, each speech lands the reader, as they doubtless did the listener, on to the mountain peaks of oratory. It is interesting to take these perorations and set them off by themselves, and note how lasting is the granite which enters into these fervid climatics.

The Closing Words of the Cooper Institute Address—1860:

"Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

The Closing Words of Lincoln's First Inaugural Address—1861:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

"The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be by the better angels of our nature."

The Closing Words of the Gettysburg Speech—1863:

" . . . That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The Closing Words of Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address—1865:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

The Closing Words of the Proclamation of Emancipation—1863:

"And upon this act, sincerly believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

The Closing Words of First Reply to Douglas—1858, *in Ottawa*:

"When Judge Douglas invites any people, willing to have slavery, to establish it, he is blowing out the moral lights around us. When he says he 'cares not whether slavery is voted down or voted up'—that it is a sacred right of self-government,—he is, in my judgment, penetrating the human soul, and eradicating the light of reason and the love of liberty in this American people. And now I will only say that when, by all these means and appliances, Judge Douglas shall succeed in bringing public sentiment to an exact accordance with his own views,—when these vast assemblages shall echo back all these sentiments,—when they shall come to repeat his views and to avow his principles,—and to say all that he says on these mighty questions,—that it needs only the formality of the second Dred Scott decision, which he indorses in advance, to make slavery alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

KINSHIP.

I am aware,
As I go commonly sweeping the stair,
Doing my part of the every-day care—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of a marvelous thing:
Voices that murmur and ethers that ring
In the far stellar spaces where cherubim sing.
I am aware of the passion that pours
Down the channels of fire through Infinity's doors;
Forces terrific, with melody shod,
Music that mates with the pulses of God.
I am aware of the glory that runs
From the core of myself to the core of the suns.
Bound to the stars by invisible chains,
Blaze of eternity now in my veins,
Seeing the rush of ethereal rains
Here in the midst of the every-day air—
I am aware,

I am aware,
As I sit quietly here in my chair,
Sewing or reading or braiding my hair—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of the systems that swing
Through the aisles of creation on heavenly wing—
I am aware of a marvelous thing.
Trail of the comets in furious flight,
Thunders of beauty that shatter the night,
Terrible triumph of pageants that march
To the trumpets of time through Eternity's arch.
I am aware of the splendor that ties
All the things of the earth with the things of the skies,
Here in my body the heavenly heat,
Here in my flesh the melodious beat
Of the planets that circle Divinity's feet.
As I sit silent here in my chair,
I am aware,

—Angela Morgan, in Everybody's Magazine.

Give us, oh, give us, the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is Equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He does more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. *—Carlyle.*

Social Progress

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS AT THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION, BY JULIAN W. MACK, JUDGE OF THE COURT OF COMMERCE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The change in the attitude of society toward the dependent classes is well portrayed by the difference in the program of the national conference at its session in Cleveland in 1880 and at the session of 1912. Then we were concerned with the problem of how best to alleviate suffering, to cure ills that by common belief many of our fellow-citizens are inevitably doomed to bear. The discussions on public charities were as to their administration rather than as to their scope. At that time, the state was more concerned with correction than with charities. Lady Bountiful typified in a large measure the generally prevailing method of private philanthropy. That the poor would always be with us was a dogma of social service as well as of religion.

The road we have traveled in thirty-two years has been a long one, but the pace has been that of the automobile and the flying machine. During the past decade, we have all been afire with enthusiasm born of the newer and nobler thought that prevention is better than cure. Preventive philanthropy became the dominant note in our proceedings. The causes of dependency and delinquency were sought for with the aid of the scientists. The discovery that their roots were to be found not only and not primarily in the individual, but in society itself, gave greater hope to the thoughtful, that with a stronger and more united effort of all of the forces working for good in the community, the next generation might be saved from the destructive and insidious diseases and wrongs to which mankind had for ages been heir, and from the effects of which the poorest and the weakest of its members had naturally been the greatest sufferers.

The golden age of childhood had arrived. However we might deal with the adult victim of social wrongs, to the child we were determined to accord the birthright of every human being—the opportunity for the development of its highest powers. To prevent it from engaging too early and in too dangerous occupations, to substitute the school for the factory, to save it from the brutal and criminalizing treatment that still marked the prevailing method of dealing with the adult offender, these were the movements that enlisted the co-operation of enlightened philanthropists and resulted in the enactment of anti-child labor, compulsory education, and juvenile court laws.

But even to-day, we are only at the threshold of the halls of hope. In some states, the smallest of the children are still permitted to work. In none of them are the child labor laws up to the standard deemed necessary by the National Child Labor Committee and approved by the Commissioners on Uniform State Legislation. Nowhere is the financial provision as yet adequate for a proper enforcement of the law. The little merchant of the street still plies his trade, generally unlicensed and uncontrolled, too often even at the early age of six and eight.

We are but beginning to grapple with the difficult task of determining what to do with the untrained boys and girls of fourteen to sixteen years.

During the past year, bitter assaults have been leveled against juvenile probation and the juvenile court in the very city of its origin, and that, despite the general acclaim, both here and abroad, with which this children's Magna Charta has been received. The splendid report of the Hotchkiss Committee, while demonstrating what its friends have ever asserted, that the juvenile court cannot be a cure-all, while pointing out its deficiencies, while suggesting many desirable improvements, has clearly and effectively established its supremacy over the old-time methods of dealing with juvenile offenders. The substitution of love and sympathy and understanding for punishment, of probation for imprisonment, of the industrial school for the reformatory and penitentiary, is such a great step forward in our civilization that no temporary setbacks whether due to the failure to accomplish the impossible or to the reactionary opposition of baffled politicians, can stay its triumphal onward march.

For some years, however, we have been passing beyond the age of mere preventive work. Eradication of evil is not enough. Constructive philanthropy demands that it be replaced by the positive good. Childhood needs protection against the dangers of an evil birth, not merely by preventing marriage of the unfit (though this alone requires a great extension of the custodial care and the treatment of the weak-minded, the insane, the epileptic and the habitual criminal), but also by shielding the mother from unnecessary work for a sufficient period before and after birth, and by requiring a better education of midwives. Infant mortality is to be reduced and the age of babyhood made safer, not alone by preventing the sale of impure milk and adulterated food, but by teaching the mothers the great value of natural feeding.

The child's right to a healthy, normal family life is to be met, not merely by forbidding child labor and by destroying the pest-breeding hovels of the slums, but also by maintaining the integrity of the family through freeing the wage-earner from unnecessary and avoidable industrial accidents and diseases threatening his premature death, through making it possible for the widowed mother to remain at home and devote herself to the nurture and training of her children.

The child's right to an education is not satisfied by an adherence to the old-time curriculum suited, if at all, to but few of the more fortunate of the pupils, but requires the introduction into the public school system of manual and industrial training, of continuation and vacation and open air classes, of the visiting teacher and the newer methods of individualization to the end that each child's true vocation may, if possible, be found and that it may be fitted spiritually, morally, mentally, and physically to unfold all of its latent resources. No longer should we wait for the child to go wrong or to be orphaned and to be sent to one of the excellent industrial schools maintained for delinquent and dependent children, in order that it may receive the education fitting it for its life work; no longer should we delay until the child gets into the juvenile court before giving it a thorough examination to discover and to repair decayed teeth, adenoid growths, impaired eyesight and hearing, and other latent defects. Constructive philanthropy insists that the child compelled to go to school shall be in every way fitted to pursue its studies. The

physician and the nurse in the school-room, far from lessening the parental responsibility, will enable the state to know wherein the parents have neglected or failed in their duties, and will afford a safe legal basis for the enforcement thereof.

The child's right to play should not be limited to the opportunities of the street; it needs the supervised playground, the athletic field, the gymnasium, and the swimming-pool.

To close indecent dance-halls, to suppress improper shows whether in the larger or in the nickel theatres, and to destroy other places wherein vice disguised in gaudy and, to the untutored, highly attractive garbs and colors, beckons youth to its destruction, will not suffice. Through church and settlement, school centers and municipal halls, our young people must be given the opportunity to satisfy decently, beautifully, sanely, their ever insistent and justifiable cry for recreation, joy, and happiness.

Adolescence must be guarded from the dangers of that period, not only by the development and strengthening of character through the teachings of religion and morality, but also by wise and careful instruction in the mysteries of life itself and in the terrible dangers both to the guilty and to the innocent that follow in the wake of sexual abuse and wrongs.

Young girls are to be saved from a life worse than death, not only by the absolute suppression of the white slave traffic and commercialized vice through the united efforts of private organizations, the municipality, the state, and the nation, but also by the active sympathetic interest of the good women in the lives of the strangers who, from country towns and foreign lands, flock to our large cities, ignorant of their dangers, free from the conserving influence of family and friends. No one has pointed out more clearly than Jane Addams in her most recent and timely book, A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil, what these perils are, and in how large a measure society and not the individual is responsible therefor. Mindful, however, of her closing words, that "as the sense of justice fast widens to encircle all human relations it must at last reach the women who have so long been judged without a hearing," let us open again the doors of hope to these despairing victims of man's wrong and society's neglect.

Constructive and preventive charity, public and private, thus working together, will bring the child to man's estate stronger and purer, trained in hand and mind and soul to fight the battles of life. That much of this must be done by the state is fully recognized even by the strongest individualists, for few will any longer deny the ultimate obligation of the state towards its wards—the children. And perhaps the most significant event for us during the past year has been the final recognition by the federal government that it, too, has a duty towards the children of the nation, limited in its scope, it is true, but nevertheless of great importance. Well may we rejoice in the establishment of the Federal Children's Bureau and in the appointment as its first chief of one who now is, and for many years past has been, an active participant in our labors, an able and energetic member of the Illinois State Board of Charities, the efficient organizer of some of the most valuable research work undertaken by the Russell Sage Foundation, supremely active in securing the first juvenile court law, friend of all in distress, the wise, broad-minded woman—Julia Lathrop.

Turning from the children to the adults, we note a similar progress in the field of both charity and correction. To-day we are not only endeavoring to ascertain and to eradicate the social causes of poverty, distress, and disease so as to safeguard future generations, but in dealing with their present victims, we aim at a complete rehabilitation. While tactful, thorough, and devoted personal service is always essential to arouse the latent powers of self-reliance, fear of pauperization no longer blinds us to the need of giving, and giving adequately, whenever the circumstances call for material assistance. In the new Court of Domestic Relations the state is lending effective aid towards the preservation of the home by dealing with the family as a unit.

Our criminal law and procedure and our prison administration have not kept pace with the social progress of the age. The substitution in several cities of a central municipal court with its branches for the old-time local police courts, and the creation of the night court in New York are steps in the right direction. Public interpreters for the foreigners and public defenders for the accused, especially in the minor criminal courts, are as important as the public prosecutor. That poverty alone and the consequent inability to pay a fine in cash and at once should send men to prison, will surely not be tolerated much longer. Adult probation coupled with the obligation to make restitution in periodical installments, either to the person wronged or by way of a fine to the state, or both, is in a few progressive states saving many a first offender from the terrible stigma of a prison career. If reformation is to displace punishment as the chief aim of imprisonment, the spirit of the prisoner must not be crushed out. Convict labor ought never to be a source of profit to the state; by devoting his enforced earnings over and above the cost of his maintenance directly, and not by way of charity, to the care of his family, the convict's feeling of responsibility for their maintenance will be preserved.

Many of the sessions of this conference will again be occupied with the study of newer plans and methods in charitable and correctional work. And though, through our inherited philosophy that all men are born free and equal, with its assumed corollary that legal and political equality is a sufficient safeguard against wrong, the active interference of the state for the prevention and correction of social evils has in the past been unduly limited, to-day, after the struggle of life has demonstrated the falsity of this *laisez faire* doctrine, public philanthropy, ameliorative, preventive and constructive, is actively aiding in the task long performed by private charity alone; and for generations to come, whatever the future of our political development may be, the work of charity will remain a function as well of the state as of the individual.

But in the past few years, a voice, never silent in the history of the world, has been growing deeper and louder, the voice of man calling unto men, not for alms, not for charity, but for justice; and this body, though it remain a National Conference of Charities and Correction, will more and more in the course of time become a national conference for the consideration of those measures which, in dealings between individuals and between the individual and the state,

will accord to each man that justice which is his due. Not that we should for a moment replace love with justice, not that we should banish mercy and compassion, not that we should emphasize rights and minimize duties; on the contrary, true social justice implies love, compassion, and personal service. It demands, however, that society in its organized capacity shall secure each individual in the full enjoyment of all those fundamental rights without which no human being can fulfill his God-given destiny. As we advance in civilization, they will increase in number and broaden in extent. In our day, a minimum in addition to those of the children already enumerated, and those guaranteed in all our constitutions, is the right to work and to secure the just fruits of one's labor, and therefore to protection against unemployment and against a wage less than sufficient to maintain the family in decency according to the prevailing standards of a free and prosperous people; the right to life itself, and therefore to protection so far as is humanly possible, against overfatigue and other industrial poisons and accidents; the right to reasonable hours for self-improvement and the upbuilding of the family, and therefore to protection against exploitation, the seven day work, and unduly long hours of labor; the right to old age, reasonably free from care and anxiety, and therefore the opportunity for adequate insurance against everything that threatens to impoverish or imperil the family, the corner-stone of our civilization.

In accordance with the Anglo-Saxon spirit, we have struggled and we are struggling to attain these ends, so far as possible, through private initiative, through the sense of responsibility of men in their individual relations to each other, and only ultimately and as a last resort, through the state. As evidencing a newly aroused feeling of private responsibility, and as tending to create a better relation between employer and employee, the extension of their welfare work and the creation of pension funds by many large corporations, the immediate response of the Pullman Company to the suggestion by a single stockholder of the need of greater medical supervision and care, and the recommendations of the stockholders' committee of the United States Steel Corporation, especially if they shall be promptly put into effect, are most significant.

The actual and the threatened strikes of the past year have brought us face to face with fresh perils to the common weal, resulting from our newer industrial conditions, which, particularly in view of the growing need of protecting the rights of the public at large, often the greatest sufferer, would seem to make some form of state intervention inevitable. Whether this shall be by mediation and conciliation, through an extension of the scope of the Erdmann act, under the operation of which railroad strikes have for some years been well-nigh averted, or through legislation along the lines of the Canadian Industrial Disputes Act, or by the more stringent methods of compulsory arbitration, is one of the most serious and difficult questions of the day. It is therefore greatly to be hoped that Congress will act favorably on the President's message recommending, in response to an address drafted and signed by many of the leaders of this conference, the creation of a federal commission on industrial relations, to study and to report as to how industrial conflicts may best be avoided and, when this is impossible, how they may be quickly settled without violence and disruption of business, but with due regard to the real interests and just claims both of the immediate parties and of the state.

That the influx of vast numbers of diverse races brings with it peculiar difficulties unknown to other nations is not to be denied. Are we however in such danger therefrom that we must close the gates of our country to honest, thrifty, characterful people of the old world, who, like our forefathers, come to the Promised Land seeking for themselves and their children a refuge from religious, political, or even economic oppression? Shall we depart from our settled policy of regulation and inaugurate an era of restriction, requiring of the sturdy peasants of Europe, as a condition of their admission, that they shall have acquired the power to read and to write, though their mother land has denied them the opportunity therefor? Aye, more, shall we as a nation, for the first time, deliver up political refugees guilty of no crimes in this land of liberty? If it were conceivable that the best interests of the people of the United States could require such legislation, no claims of humanity at large should prevent its adoption. But if, as many of us think, this country needs for the fulfillment of its true destiny the fresh assimilable blood of many nations; if, as many of us contend, it requires for its material advancement the brawn and strength of Europe's masses; if, as many of us believe, a nation of great material prosperity can best avert the ever threatening danger of the loss of its ideals by drawing into its citizenship the poets, the thinkers, the prophets, the seers, and the martyrs of other peoples, then assuredly the day of more restrictive immigration laws has not yet come.

But whatever our views on this question, there can be no difference of opinion as to our duty towards those immigrants who meet our requirements and enter our portals. Upon our treatment of them will depend their future usefulness. If we permit them, in their ignorance of our language and our customs, to become the victims of the forces of vice and crime that in all our larger cities are lying in wait for them, we shall quickly reap the harvest of our folly.

The real immigration problems are those of distribution and protection. Sectarian organizations have for many years aided newcomers to leave the crowded cities of the East for the towns and the farms of the South and West, and recently have diverted a part of the stream of immigration from Ellis Island to Galveston. To the extent of the very limited means placed at its disposal, the Division of Information in the Federal Immigration Bureau has likewise assisted in this work. Within the past few months a non-sectarian immigration distribution league has been started with the co-operation of many of the governors and other leading citizens from all sections of the country.

In addition to many sectarian and strictly national societies, the North American Civic League for Immigrants, the Immigrants' Protective League of Chicago, and kindred organizations are the great non-sectarian forces of private philanthropy working for the immigrant's protection. In most of our large cities special night schools are, in a measure, doing for the adult immigrant what the public school everywhere is doing for his children. New York has set an example for the other states in her recent establishment of a state immigration bureau, even though

she has not yet given it he financial support that it so well deserves. And if Congress will enact a measure now pending before it, extending the care and protection of the federal government beyond Ellis Island, by properly supervising the immigrant trains and by establishing immigrant stations in Chicago and other interior centers, the united action of private organizations, the municipality, the state and the nation will indeed lighten the pathway of the newcomers and guide them more safely toward their goal of American citizenship.

Legislation must take note of the changes in our industrial life. The judge-made principles of our common law of master and servant, however suited they may have been to an earlier economic age, no longer embody the true spirit of social justice of the twentieth century. Private property and human life are each to be protected to the fullest extent, but if the welfare of the state and the people thereof requires that the financial burdens resulting from the inevitable accidents and occupational diseases of our present industrial system shall be borne by the business rather than by the worker, legislation along these lines must in one way or the other be made possible. This country will assuredly lose its supremacy, if the hands of the present generation are to be so effectively tied by a dead past that it cannot at the proper time emulate European countries in their social legislation.

Whatever justification there may be for the criticism of certain judicial decisions in a few states, no careful student of the work of our courts can fail to recognize that most judges and most courts, following the splendid lead of the Supreme Court of the United States, are as keenly desirous as are social workers to learn such facts bearing upon our changed conditions, as have been gathered together in Miss Goldmark's great work on Fatigue and Efficiency, and to utilize them, so far as they may be applicable, in the solution of legal problems.

When ignorance, indifference, or private greed menaces the welfare of the state or its citizens, we no longer hesitate to demand that legislation which to our forefathers would have appeared highly paternalistic. And if the evil is nation-wide, the remedy must be national in its scope, even though, to the extreme adherents of states' rights, we may seem to be wandering far from the path trodden by the great founders a century and a quarter ago. The phosphorous match bill just enacted by Congress may mark a step forward in federal legislation, but it is a step in the right direction, to safeguard human life.

Potent, however, as is the force of law, organized society can but voice the desires of its members. Social advance is dependent upon individual progress. Until the spirit of love for our fellowmen, regardless of race, color, or creed, shall fill the world, making real in our lives and in our deeds the actuality of human brotherhood deduced from that common fatherhood to which all of us, though in different ways, ultimately subscribe; until the great mass of the people shall be filled with the sense of their obligation to strive mightily for the betterment of their fellowmen through service, social justice can never be attained. And therefore no event of the past year has been so full of promise for the future as the great Men and Religion Forward Movement. It has emphasized more strongly perhaps than ever before in the history of the Protestant evangelical churches that, to quote a follower of the Hebrew prophets, Claude G. Montefiore, the goal of religion consists "in social betterment as well as in individual purification"; that it is concerned "with the things about which the hearts of men are palpitating *now*, the things which make them suffer, and the things which might make them suffer less," as well as with "the private relations of the individual soul with God."

In this conference are gathered together men and women of all religions, men and women who subscribe to no specific creed. Whatever our differences may be, we shall all agree with Montefiore that, "while religion is more than good air, good water, good food, good wages, in its social fullness, it is not less." However strong may be the emphasis that has heretofore been laid upon social service as a religious duty, surely the bonds of human brotherhood would be strengthened and the cause of social justice advanced, if a broader Forward Movement, limited not to men, and not to the followers of a single religion, were, by the united action of such representatives of all faiths as are gathered here to-night, carried into every city, village, and hamlet of our land. We should not then have to await another Titanic disaster to find all men, regardless of race and creed, rank and station, riches and poverty, standing together upon a common platform of genuine democracy, vying with each other in upholding the noblest traditions of the race, sacrificing even life itself in the service of the weakest and the poorest of their fellows.—*Reprinted from "The Survey."*

Now as Always Between Me and Thee.

It is one of the best and greatest powers of prayer that by it we best keep our sense of the comradeship of God, and are able continually to keep the ideals fresh. In it there may be very few words or none at all. Our prayer will be but the language of our character. Our gladness, our enthusiasm, our restfulness, our generosity, our sorrow, our optimism, our love and service—all prayer. The story is told of one of the great figures in religious history, that he was watched one evening by a friend that his prayers might be recorded for the benefit of weaker souls. It was thought that the prayers of such a soul would be most wonderful and of marvelous power. Much to the impatience of the watcher, the great soul spent his evening writing letters, attending to affairs, making plans and transacting all manner of business connected with his life. When he was about to retire for the night he lifted his eyes and simply said, "Lord, thou knowest that it is now as always between me and Thee, Good night."

It was enough. They who would be leaders of the people must still be able to say as much. If they would be humble among many, strong to stand alone, strong to work for harvests that others, even enemies, may reap for us, strong to enjoy from day to day the comradeship of God, they will pray. No form, no distant look, no closed eye, no folded hands, no change in voice, no holy look, but as we walk the usual way,

"We do but lift the bar and find
That we with God are face to face."

EDWIN ALFRED RUMBALL.

He did too many grandnesses, to note
Much in the meaner things about his path.
—*Browning.*

Mrs. Fast and Peter Nord

By Selma Lagerlof.

Dedicated to Jenkin Lloyd Jones by the Translator, Axel Lundeberg.

The Lord Giveth the Word; great is the company of those that publish it. Psalm lxviii.

II.

The little village lay quiet and peaceful at the foot of its red mountain. It was so imbedded in greenery that the church steeple barely could be seen above the trees. Beautiful gardens adorned the narrow terraces along the steep mountain slopes, and when they could get no farther in one direction, they sent their bushes and trees across the street and spread out between the scattered houses and along the narrow strip of soil beneath them, until checked by the wide river.

A deep and silent calmness prevailed in the village. No human being could be seen, only trees and bushes and a lonely house here and there. The only noise that broke the silence was the rolling of the balls in the bowling alley, which sounded like a distant thunder of a summer day. It only made the silence deeper.

But now the clatter of ironshod heels resounded on the rough and uneven pavement of the market place. The sound of gruff voices re-echoed from the walls of the courthouse and the church, reverberated from the mountain and leaped unchecked down the long street. Four wanderers disturbed the peace of the morning.

Alas, for the sweet silence, the eternal holiday peace! How frightened they were! One could almost see them fleeing upwards along the narrow mountain paths.

One of the noisy fellows, who broke the silence of the little village, was Peter Nord, the country boy, who six years ago had run away from the town accused of theft. His companions were three ruffians from the great seaport located only a few miles away.

How had our old friend, Peter Nord, got along? He had fared well. He had chosen for his friend and guide one of the wisest of all.

When he ran away from the little village that dark, rainy February morning, the polka tunes kept on seething and roaring in his ears. And one of them was more persistent than all the rest. It was the one they had all sung in the great ring dance:

Now it's Yule again,
Now it's Yule again,
And after Yule comes Easter.
But that ain't true at all,
But that ain't true at all,
For after Yule comes fasting.

The little runaway could hear this so plainly. And thus the grain of wisdom hidden in the old ring dance melody saturated the mind of the little pleasure-thirsty country boy, filled every fibre of his brain, electrified every drop of blood in his veins, pervaded bones and marrow. For so it is; that is what it means! Between Christmas and Easter, between the festivals of birth and death, comes the Lenten season of life with its fast. We should expect nothing from life! It is nothing but a miserable poor fast. We should never trust it, no matter how hard it tries to deceive us by its rosy promises. The next moment is gray and ugly again. Can't help it, poor thing, can't do better!

And Peter Nord prided himself with having drawn from life its deepest secret.

And he fancied seeing sallow faced Mrs. Fast stalking along the earth in the tattered garb of a beggar with an Easter scourge in her hand. And he heard her grinding her teeth and threatening him: "You desired to celebrate the feast of joy and gayety during the fast that is called life. Therefore you shall meet with shame and disgrace until you mend your ways."

And he had mended his ways, and Mrs. Fast had favored him. He did not need to run farther than to the great seaport, for they never searched for him. And in the quarters of the laboring men Mrs. Fast had quietly settled down. Peter Nord obtained work in a machine shop. He became strong and energetic, earnest and economical. He wore nice Sunday clothes, he acquired some knowledge, read books and attended lectures. And soon there was nothing more left of little Peter Nord but his flaxen hair and brown eyes.

Something had broken down within him that unfortunate night, and the hard work in the shop made the breach still wider, so that the whole country madcap had crawled out through it. His jolly chatter had ceased, for in the shop talking was forbidden, and thus he got into the habit of keeping his mouth shut. He made no inventions any more, for since he had to attend to springs and wheels in dead earnest, there was no fun in it any longer. He did not fall in love, for he could take no interest in the women of the laboring class, after having made the acquaintance of the beauties of the little village. He had no mice, no squirrels, nothing at all to play with. He had no time for play and he understood that such things were useless, and remembered with a shudder the time when he used to tussle with the street gamins.

Peter Nord did not believe that life could be anything but gray, gray, gray. Peter Nord always felt lonely, but he became so used to it that he did not mind it. Peter Nord felt proud of having become so virtuous. He counted his regeneration from that night when joy abandoned him and Mrs. Fast became his guide and friend.

But how could the virtuous Peter Nord come to the little village on a workday, in company of three drunk and ragged ruffians?

In any case he had always been a good boy, had poor Peter Nord. And while he despised the three ruffians, he had always tried to help them, as far as possible. He had brought wood to their miserable lodging, when the winter cold was severest, and he had patched and mended their clothes. Those men stuck together as brothers chiefly because they all were named Peter. That name united them more closely than if they had been born by the same parents. And now, for the same name's sake, they would suffer the boy to do them little favors, and when, of an evening, they were comfortably seated on their wooden chairs enjoying their hot coffee and brandy, they would regale him with humorous yarns and adventurous stories, while he sat darning their frazzled socks. Peter Nord liked this life, even though he would not admit it. Those men were now to him what the mice had been in olden times.

Now these ruffians happened to hear a great deal of chat and slander from the village. And when six years had passed they brought to Peter Nord the information that Halfvorson had trapped him with that

fifty-dollar bill to get him out of the way and make it impossible for him to appear as a witness at his trial. And they were all of the opinion that Peter Nord ought to march to the village and give Halfvorson a licking.

But Peter Nord was wise and thoughtful and endowed with the prudence of this world. He would in no wise engage in such an undertaking. The Peters let out the story in the whole laboring quarter. All Peter Nord's friends said to him: "Go there and give Halfvorson a licking, and you will be arrested, and the case will come before the court, and it will be reported in the papers, and the coward will be scandalized all over the country."

But Peter Nord was not willing. It would be fun, no doubt, but revenge is an expensive pleasure, and Peter Nord knew that life is poor. Life cannot afford such pastimes.

Then the three ruffians came to him early of a morning and said that if he did not dare to go and give Halfvorson a licking himself, they would do it for him, "so that justice would be done on earth," as they put it.

Peter Nord then threatened to kill all three of them, if they took one single step on the road to the village.

Then one of them, a stout, buxom fellow, by the name of Tall Peter, delivered the following oration to Peter Nord:

"This earth," he said, "is an apple hanging by a thread over a fire to roast. The fire, Peter Nord, is the kingdom of evil, and the apple must hang close to the fire to get sweet and tender, but if the thread breaks and the apple tumbles down in the fire, it will burn to a cinder. That thread, Peter Nord, is a very important thing. Do you understand what is meant by that thread?"

"I guess it might be a steel wire," said Peter Nord.

"By the thread I understand justice," said Tall Peter with sinister earnestness. "Unless justice is done on earth everything will tumble down into the fire. The avenger, therefore, must not be loth to punish, or, if he is, others must step in and do it for him.

"This will be the last time I treat anyone of you to hot coffee and brandy," said Peter Nord, perfectly unmoved by the harangue.

"Yes, it can't be helped," said Tall Peter, "justice has to be done."

"We don't do it to get thanks from you, but to save the honest name of Peter from disgrace," said he whose name was Rolling Peter and who was tall and cross.

"Well, I did not know that name was held in so high esteem," said Peter Nord, contemptuously.

"Yes, and ain't it too bad that they now begin to insinuate in the saloons that you intended to swipe that fifty-dollar bill after all, since you do not care to have the merchant punished?"

These words cut deep. Peter Nord started and said that he was now ready to go and administer a licking to the merchant.

"Good and well," said the ruffans. "We will follow you and help you."

And on they marched, four men abreast, up to the village. At first Peter Nord was sullen and bitter and much more angry with his friends than with his foe. But when he reached the bridge across the river and saw the village again, he underwent a total change. He felt as if he there met a little crying runaway and was devoured by him. And as he again felt himself at home in the former Peter Nord, he realized what a bloody injustice the merchant had done him. It was not only that he had tempted and ruined him, but the worst of it was that he had driven him away from this village where Peter Nord would have been allowed to remain Peter Nord till the end of his days. Oh, how much fun he had enjoyed in those days, how merry and happy he had been, how open his heart had been, how beautiful the world!

Oh, Lord! If he only could have been permitted to live there! And then his thoughts turned to himself, such as he now was—taciturn and tiresome, earnest and industrious—like a crushed man. Now his wrath against Halfvorson rose to the boiling point, and instead of lagging behind his comrades, as before, he darted ahead of them.

But the ruffians, who had come not only to punish Halfvorson but to let loose their fury, hardly knew what to do. Here was nothing for an angry man to do. There was not even a dog to chase, not a street-cleaner with whom to engage in a squabble, not a snob at whom to throw a taunt.

The season was not far advanced. Spring was just turning into summer. It was the season of the white cherry blossoms and of the chokecherries; it was the time of the year when the lilac clusters adorn tall, neatly trimmed bushes, and the air is saturated with the fragrance of the apple blossoms. These men who had come straight from street and wharf to this flowery kingdom experienced a peculiar affection for the new surroundings. Three pairs of fists, until now resolutely clenched, relaxed, and three pairs of heels clattered a little less loudly on the pavement.

From the market place they could see a path winding up along the mountain slope. On its sides grew young cherry trees, their white crowns forming bowers and vaults. The vaults were lofty and gossamer-like, and the branches dreadfully weak, everything fine, tender and childlike. This road through the cherry grove irresistibly attracted the attention of the men. What an impractical den was this, where they planted cherry trees in the open field, so that anyone could pick the cherries! Instead of looking at it as a fortress of injustice and tyranny, the three Peters now began to laugh at it and heartily despise it.

But the fourth member of the gang did not laugh. Hotter and wilder boiled his thirst for revenge, for he felt that this was the place where he ought to have lived and done his life work. This then was his Paradise Lost. And, not heeding the others, he strolled boldly forward along the street.

They followed, and when they saw that there was only one street, along which there was nothing but flowers and blossoms, their contempt and good humor increased. It was, perhaps, the first time in their life they had paid any attention to flowers. But now they could not help it, for the syringa-bushes swept off their caps, and the petals of the cherry blossoms rained down upon them.

"What kind of people do you think live in this town?" said Tall Peter thoughtfully.

"Bees," at once replied Woodenshoe Peter, who had got that nickname from once having lived in the same house as the maker of wooden shoes.

After a while they saw some people, of course. Behind clear window-panes and white lace curtains some

pretty young faces peeped out, and children were playing on the terraces. But not a sound disturbed the silence. One would think that not even the last trumpet would be able to awaken the village. What should they do with such a sleepy hollow?

They entered a store and bought some beer. With rough voices they asked several questions of the merchant. They inquired if the fire department had their engines in order, and wondered if there were any clapper in the church bell, in case any chiming should be required.

Then, standing on the street, they gulped down the beer, and threw the bottles away. One, two, three, all the bottles in one heap! Thunder and crash, and all the splinters were flying around their ears. Some noise, of course, was what they wanted!

Of a sudden they heard steps back of them, real steps, voices, loud, plain voices, laughter, much laughter and then a clanking as of metal. They were startled and retired to a doorway. It sounded like a whole company.

And so it was, though not of soldiers, but of young girls. The maidens of the village had gathered into a company and were marching out to the pastures to milk the cows.

This made a very deep impression on our cosmopolitan city gentlemen. Village maidens and milk pails! Oh, how touching!

Suddenly they emerged from their hiding place and said "Booh!"

The whole company of girls disbanded in an instant. The girls screamed and ran. The skirts fluttered, the head cloths loosened and milk pails tumbled to the ground.

And at the same time one could hear along the whole street the dull and hollow sound of slammed doors and gates, of hooks, padlocks and bolts.

Farther down the street stood a large linden tree, under which sat an old woman at a table selling candy and waffles. She did not stir, she did not turn, she just sat there immovable. And she did not sleep either.

"She is made of wood," said Woodenshoe Peter.

"No, of clay," said Rolling Peter.

They walked three abreast. Right in front of the old woman they began to reel. They tumbled over her. The table got a kick. And the old woman began to scold.

"Neither wood, nor clay," they said, "gall, nothing but gall."

Meanwhile Peter Nord had paid no attention to them. He had at last reached Halfvorson's store, in front of which he paused and waited for them.

"You can't deny that this is a business of my own," he said, proudly pointing to the store. "And I want to enter alone and settle it. If I don't succeed, you may try."

They nodded consent. "Go ahead, Peter Nord! We will wait outside."

Peter Nord entered, found a young man alone in the store and asked for Halfvorson. Upon being told that the merchant was not at home, he began chatting with the clerk and gathered a great deal of information about the old man.

Halfvorson had never been tried for selling liquor. How he had dealt with Peter Nord everyone knew, but no one mentioned it any more. Halfvorson had been successful and was not so dangerous nowadays. He was not inhuman to his debtors and had quit laying traps for his clerks. Of late he had gone into gardening. He had planted an orchard around the house, and a vegetable garden outside of the town. He was now so busy working in his gardens as hardly to have time to think of hoarding money.

Peter Nord felt a sting in his heart. The man was good. Of course, for he had been allowed to remain in his garden of Eden. He naturally became good by living here.

"BESS"—A HORSE

Guilty, yes, sir—that's my plea.
'Tisn't fer such as ther likes of me
To evade a charge I'm willin' ter face;
I don't set it down as er disgrace
That I struck that man and caused him pain;
Why, if it were ter happen again—
I'd be sore tempted ter strike, I guess,
Any feller I caught abusin' Bess.
Who is she? Jove—I thought you knew.
She's jest a horse—a good one, too,
That I used ter drive, and so, terday,
When I saw her toilin' erlong ther way
With a load piled high by bunglin' fools
That would tax the powers of twenty mules,
My blood just boiled, sir, nothing less;
And I hated the driver and pitied Bess.

They say dumb beasts don't comprehend,
But Bess, why, bless yer, she knows er friend,
And she stopped right short in glad surprise;
I could read ther joy in her honest eyes;
Then neighed er welcome, which, like er dart,
Sank deep in my breast and touched my heart;
For it seemed ter say: "I don't complain,
But how I long ter be back again
With you, old friend, as it used ter be,
When you fed and petted and cared fer me."
Then the driver struck her. I saw the welt.
It seemed as though that blow I felt;
So I sprang ter ther street and peeled my coat—
In er moment more I had clutched his throat,
And hurt him some, I must confess,
But he ought not ter have lashed old Bess.

What's that yer say, sir? I may go.
I didn't expect quite that, yer know,
And after this folks can't tell me
That justice ain't dealt as it ought ter be.
And so, that's all I have ter say,
Exceptin', perhaps, that yesterday
I bought old Bess; she's in my care.
She's got an owner who'll treat her square,
Who'll see her through ter ther very end,
For ter me she's just like an old-time friend;
And never again will she have ter haul
Er three-ton load, but a big box stall
Will she occupy and reign ther queen
Of er fine big field where ther grass is green.
When I get back home I'll tell all right,
How yer stood fer treatin' ther horses white.

—Daniel W. Gallagher in Boston Traveler.

REBEL TALK

The King eats bread that comes from grain the hungry scythemen reap;
The King is dressed by ragged boys who nurse and crop his sheep;
The King is sleek in houses built by those who freeze o' nights;
The King sleeps safe because of swords made red in bitter flights;
The King sits warm in winter's cold by dint of blood-bought fires;
The King is jeweled by men who die to fill the King's desires;
The King's wise thoughts his wise men plan, his deeds his footboys do;
Nor need the King be wise or kind or brave or just or true;
Nor need he think or do or be this, that, or anything;
So riddle me and riddle me the reason for the King.

—Horatio Winslow
from the Century Magazine for July.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE NEW SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE

A Sailors' Club was what Mayor Gaynor called it, when he recently laid the corner-stone of the new Seamen's Institute in New York City. It is that indeed, writes Irene K. Lane, in *The Churchman* (New York), "and very much more," for here the Protestant Episcopal Church "is caring for seamen in a degree which is not unworthy of her opportunity in the chief port of this hemisphere." "As the name implies," it is "an institutional church, a religious institution, and a social-welfare plant." As this writer sums up its activities in a brief paragraph:

"It is many things combined: a church, a hotel, a savings-bank, an employment-bureau, a lyceum for entertainment, a school for instruction, a relief society. It maintains a steam-launch in the harbor, and when the new building is completed it will be possible to take a crew from an incoming ship, transport it to the institute, feed it, lodge it, entertain and instruct the men, give relief to the sick and disabled, visit them in hospitals, secure them fresh employment, outfit them properly, and place them on their outgoing vessels, having in the meanwhile taken charge of their baggage, their mail, and their money, and having transmitted the latter, free of charge, to their dependents anywhere in the world."

"Just where the island of Manhattan turns, at South Street and Coenties Slip," the new building is being erected. An interesting feature is the lighthouse in the corner tower, whose green light will be visible from the harbor and "down through the Narrows even to Sandy Hook." Surmounting the tower will be a time-ball, to drop at noon each day. The most noteworthy feature within the building, according to the writer in *The Churchman*, is the pipe-organ which is installed in the chapel. Organ recitals will be given for the seamen, so that those "unaccustomed to church attendance may be attracted by the music and gradually form the habit of going to service. Few seamen will sit in the pews of the gracious little chapel listening to the deep-toned organ without responding unconsciously to the spiritual appeal, insidious yet insistent." Some idea of the various activities to be carried on in the basement and twelve floors of the new building may be gained from the following description:

"The basement will contain the shipping-bureau connected with the institute, the shipping-offices of the British consul, dining-rooms for seamen and for officers. Here, also, are the savings-department and the store or 'slop-chest.' In the sub-basement are enormous storage-rooms for baggage, the laundry, the butcher-shop and the vegetable-room for the convenience of the institute restaurant, the blower for the chapel-organ, and the sterilizing-plant for mattresses, etc. The power and light plants will be situated in the cellar below the sub-basement.

"The first floor, which is about six feet above the street-level, contains the general sitting-room, lunch-room, and the chapel before referred to. A large sitting and reading-room, together with the executive offices, will occupy the second floor. On the third floor will be the large game-room and the officers' game-room. The auditorium with gallery and small stage is on the fourth floor. This auditorium has been arranged to be used as a gymnasium, being of sufficient size to permit the playing of basket-ball. Here, also, will be given lectures on first aid to the injured, nautical instruction, concerts, and miscellaneous entertainments, all playing their part in keeping the seaman off the streets and away from the pernicious influences of the waterfront region. The apprentice room, where the young apprentices of the British merchant marine will come, is on the fourth floor also. This room has a kitchenette for the preparation of the Sunday teas, always served the boys, and for other refreshments on the occasions when special entertainments are given.

"The fifth floor is the dormitory floor, and contains, on the Coenties Slip side, rooms to accommodate those who are able to pay a little more than is charged for the ordinary sleeping-rooms. This floor contains also the open dormitories with beds at fifteen or twenty cents a night. There will be room for about twenty-five men in each dormitory, which will be furnished somewhat better than the average lodging-house, and will be kept scrupulously clean.

—*The Literary Digest, July.*

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